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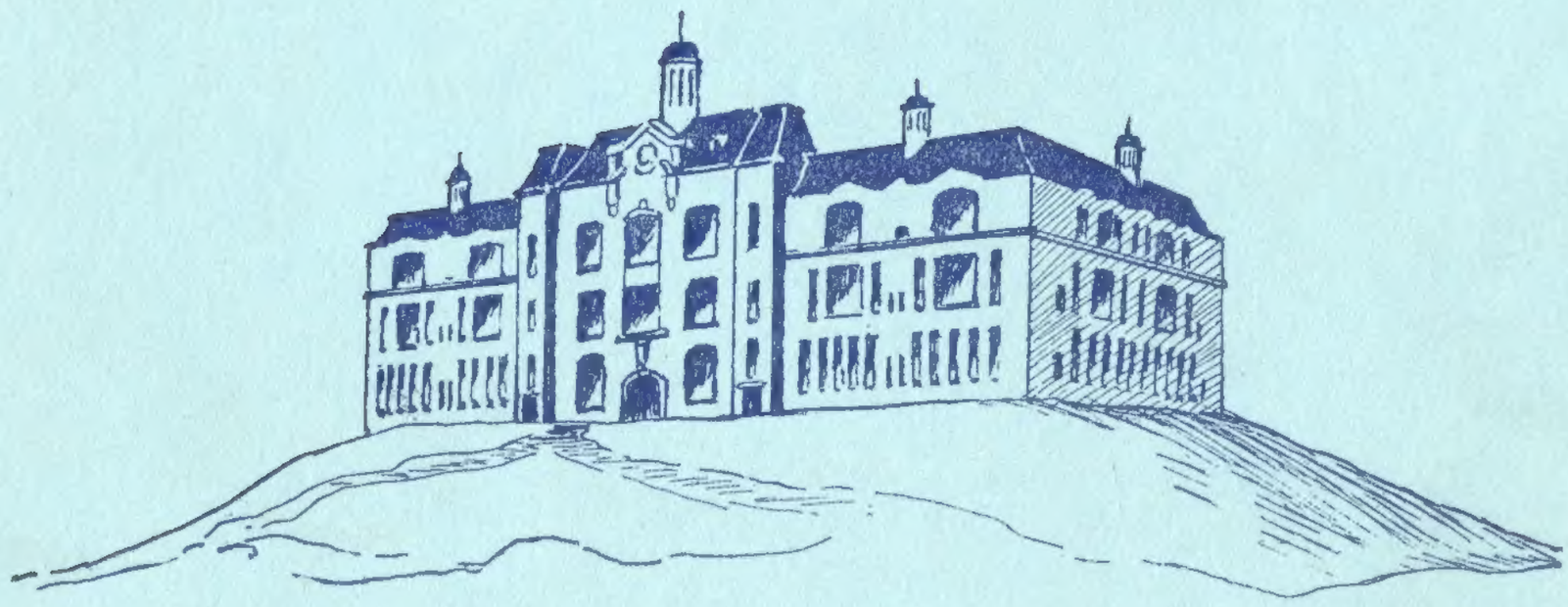

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

TUESDAY, MARCH TWENTY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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"Trench 77"

IRVING GIBSON IDLER

DARKNESS had crept over the battlefield "somewhere in France." All was silent after a day of furious bombardment by the Teutons in an effort to break through the lines of the Allies. The crux of the allied position was situated at Trench 77 which was occupied by the 14th British King's Guard. All day long these British "Tommies" had borne the brunt of the German attack. Now the firing had ceased. The "Tommies," wearied and worn, were seated around their fires cooking a few slices of bacon which, with hard-tack and a little coffee, constituted their evening meal. After their successful day their hearts within their wearied bodies were joyous.

"Let's sing some of the old home songs, fellows," suggested Private Hopper.

"Good," cried the bunch. They sang many of the old songs of dear old England, wondering when they would see their homes again. Lieutenant Rowan was just returning from headquarters.

"Bully, men," he cried enthusiastically, "that's the first bit of cheerfulness I've heard in many a moon."

"Some fight to-day, Lieutenant," remarked Sergeant Jones, saluting.

"I should say! We held them,—but we suffered a terrible loss," he added, his face clouding.

"Your father was killed in the Boer War, I believe," interrupted Private Connors. "Tell us about it."

In anticipation of a story, the men crowded about the fire and the Lieutenant, seated on a camp stool, began.

"Well, fellows, while father was on duty during a strike at Manchester, he met Martha Walton. After a brief courtship he married her. They lived very happily in the barracks along the Thames until one day the 3rd Dragoons, of which he was a captain, received orders to embark for Cape Town within a week. It was a sad farewell. Immediately on the arrival of the Dragoons at the Cape they were sent to the front. His regiment fought gallantly and covered themselves with glory. They were on the final drive. The enemy were showing signs of giving up. He had written home saying that the war was as good as over—that he would probably be home soon. Imagine our joy when we read the head lines of the "Post": "TRUCE DECLARED!" But down below, in smaller print, we read: "while leading his troops in the finai charge, Captain Rowan fell, mortally wounded." Mother never recovered from the shock. She died four months later when I was seven years old."

The crowd of soldiers listened intently, thinking of their own wives and sweethearts at home. The Lieutenant withdrew to his dugout. He drew himself up to his rude table, took out his watch and opened the back. A smiling face gazed up at him. His eyes grew dim. He thought of the pleasant walks at Castle Garden, the jolly plays at the "Drury Lane," Leicester Square, the Strand and Yvonne! She was dearer to him than his life. When would he see her again? *Would* he see her again? The crisp voice of his orderly

sounded, "Lieutenant Rowan, telephone." He looked up with a start and rushed outside. "Headquarters, sir," advanced the orderly.

"Hello, Rowan speaking! What! A Zeppelin? No, we have not seen it. Our searchlights are constantly playing on the heavens. Very good, sir, I shall keep a sharp watch." He dispatched his aide with a word and hurried to the main trench.

"Men, a Zeppelin is reported in the vicinity, keep a careful watch."

"Very good, sir," replied Sergeant Jones, answering for the squad. Almost at that very moment the whirr of the propeller blades could be heard! No command was necessary—the men leaped to their guns!

"Give them the anti-aircraft gun, Sergeant," shrieked the Lieutenant, above the noise of the rifle fire. The Zeppelin was fast approaching. The Sergeant loaded, aimed, and fired! He missed, he had not gotten the range! The Zeppelin drew closer and closer, till at last it was almost directly over head.

BANG! BANG!

The terrific explosions were followed by a deep silence. What was formerly Trench 77 was now a shapeless mass of rocks and earth; here and there a British "Tommie" moved amid the debris. One of them was the Lieutenant!

"I must—I must—reach—the phone." The Lieutenant, bleeding, was dragging himself across the ground in an effort to reach the phone. He thought of the danger. Trench 77 was the key to the allied position! He must reach the phone and inform headquarters!

"Only a few more feet. Come on a little grit, old boy," he muttered to himself. At last he reached his goal.

"Headquarters? Rowan—Trench seventy-seven—wiped out—Zeppelin." He dropped to the ground. He raised himself on his elbow, took out his watch, opend the back, and gazed at the picture there.

"Yvonne!" he gasped.

It was his last word.

The Real Man

By Burke Boyce.

ALL aboard!"
"Hurrah!"
"We're off!"
"Three cheers!"
"Good-bye, write often!"
"Sure!"
"So long!"
"Work hard!"
"Yell, fellas, yell!"
"Y-e-a-a-a—a—a—a."

The train, gathering speed, pulled out of the station, the last cheer trailing behind it like the tail of a comet. It was the Plum Island special, and aboard it were about eight hundred boys, who were going to spend five weeks of their summer vacation at the Military Training Camp on Plum Island. They were a jolly crowd, all laughing and talking to each other, singing songs with boys they had met only five minutes before, and generally enjoying themselves. And why not? They were off for a lark, why not enjoy it? And they did. But after a while, the first excitement began to wear off, and the noise gradually became more endurable. Then, as the sun neared the meridian, hunger completed the conquest, and, save for a little chatting as they consumed their lunches the boys were silent.

The train rolled along through the pleasant Long Island landscape, coming nearer every second to the end of its journey, Greenport. There the boys were to take the boat to Plum Island, where five weeks of camp life was awaiting them. What fun it would be at camp! Yes, but would they never get there? And the scenery was so monotonous and the car wheels hummed a kind of tune,—a-n-d—t-h-e—. One by one the boys dozed off. Then.

"Here's Greenport!"
"Wazzat?"
"Greenport!"
"All out!"

The boys swarmed out of the train like angry bees from a hive. They charged the baggage car, got their valises and suit-cases, rushed to the wharf, and waited. After a long wait in the blazing sunshine, the boys finally saw the boat appear out beyond the low spits of land that form the port. Winding back and forth, it approached slowly, majestically. At last it reached the dock, and the boys rushed aboard.

* * * * * * * * *

"This row of boys will go to Company B."

The commanding officer of the camp was speaking. The boys marched off to B company street, that is, all except one boy, who managed to slip, unseen, into the group which had been ordered to H company. He was greeted with delight:

"Well, Roy, how'd you get here?"
"Yes, we thought we'd lost you."
"Look who's here!"

Roy Dearborn grinned back in reply, but offered no explanation save a knowing wink. He was a medium-sized youth, with sandy hair and a very pleasant face. He was a hard worker, with a wonderful sense of justice and fair play,

but he had one very bad fault; he was in the habit of lying. When anything really important was at stake, Roy Dearborn could never be trusted. This habit showed up viciously now. An officer approached him.

"Were you assigned to H company?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, I was," replied Roy respectfully.

"Strange," muttered the officer, "there's one too many here."

But he turned on his heel and marched away, leaving Roy jubilant, and his friends satisfied. For, in spite of his fault, Roy had plenty of friends and was well liked by everyone. He was such a good-hearted, cheerful fellow you couldn't help liking him.

The company soon marched off to H company street, and camp life began. And a great life it was, too. At least Roy found it so. He was a good worker, and soon earned a corporal's chevrons. He was in command of the best squad in the company, and consequently did not have to worry lest the squad would make some foolish mistake for which he would be blamed. But his bad habit still clung to him, and the officers began to notice it.

"There's a boy in your platoon, Lieutenant Steffin," said the first sergeant one evening as the officers were talking together, "who has got me going. I don't know whether he's a liar or not."

"That's a pretty harsh word," put in the captain.

"Well, I've noticed something queer myself," replied Steffin. "You mean Dearborn, don't you? I thought so. Well, his squad had police duty the day it rained so hard, and I told him to light the incinerators. About twenty minutes later I went to see how he was getting along, but when I reached the incinerators I found no fire at all. I then went to his tent. He was there, reading a letter. I asked him if he had lit the incinerators, and he told me he had, but that he supposed the rain had put them out. He offered to try again, but I told him not to."

"I've noticed the same thing several times," remarked the first sergeant. "Isn't it a shame to see such a manly fellow so weak and foolish?"

The camp went on, drills came and went, the days flew by, and everything was running smoothly. Both officers and boys enjoyed themselves thoroughly, knowing that they were doing the right thing for their country. Visitors came to the camp and went away, pleased. Great men came and delivered talks to the boys. The boys themselves were strengthened, straightened, and taught to be of service to their country. Roy Dearborn took to all this like a duck takes to water. He was made ranking corporal of his company, and would have been made a sergeant but for his bad habit of telling falsehoods. His squad liked him and he liked his squad, so they drilled with a machinelike precision that was wonderful to see. And Roy loved his position. He was, one might say, born to command, so that no one could have been happier than he.

Then, just as everything was at the zenith of its success in his affairs, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky came—. But it would be better to narrate the whole incident.

One hot, dry Saturday afternoon, Roy had nothing to do. There was no drill, so he had the whole afternoon to himself. He might have gone swimming with his friends, but he didn't seem to feel like swimming that day. He might have joined the majority of the company in going to the parade ground for athletic contests, but he didn't feel like that either. So he just lay on his cot and wondered what he could do.

Suddenly he heard a rattling, jingling sound. What was that? Oh, yes; the Quartermaster Department wagon, drawn by a team of mules, was coming along the road. A thought struck him. No! Yes! He took a quick look into the next tent. It was empty. He snatched something from the shelf of his own tent and rushed into the neighboring one.

Dave Mullin was sitting quietly on the seat of Quartermaster Department wagon No. 25. 'Twas pleasant to drive along so smoothly behind a pair of gentle, harmless beasts. Sure, but he felt sorry for them, a workin' so hard in so much sun. Suddenly he ceased to talk to himself and began to talk aloud.

"Phwat in the name av Hivin," he exclaimed, dropping into his native brogue in his excitement, "has got inta thim mules? Ah, begorra. I see now. Quit it, ye snakin' little varmint ye, quit it! Whoa, you!" (this to the mules) "Whoa, you kickin' slatherin' sons of Satan, you * ! * !" Here he broke off into exquisite and burning ejaculations such as only army mule drivers are capable of, and which, once heard, are never forgotten. But if Dave Mullin was an army mule driver, the mules were army mules. They disregarded Dave with a remarkable *sang froid* and went tearing off down the road, eventually overturning the wagon. Why? A dazzling beam of sunlight, reflected from a mirror, had struck them directly in the eyes, and they had run. What more natural? And what more natural than that Dave, in great wrath and with many fiery adjectives, should tell Captain Glee, of H company, that from tent six had issued the streak of light which had caused the accident. The captain, that night after mess, called the members of tent six about him and explained what had happened. Of course they knew nothing about the affair. The next morning before drill, the captain told the assembled company that he must find out who had done the deed, and that he would hold the corporal of tent six responsible unless the guilty person confessed before taps that evening. He then went down the line, asking each man personally. But from all, Roy included, he got a "no."

That day at drill Roy was very inattentive. His

squad got separated from the company in skirmish drill, and he gave the wrong commands during close order work. But, though it seemed otherwise, Roy was doing some hard thinking. Why had he lied to the captain that morning? He didn't know. Was he going to let the other fellow take the blame? Of course not. Well, then, he'd have to go to the captain that afternoon and explain everything to him. But he couldn't do that! Why not? Well—. And in the end the truthful side, upheld by the good friendships, the habit of discipline and the clean living at the camp, conquered, and Roy drilled once more like the good soldier he was.

* * * * * * * * * *

That evening, as the officers were seated in the first sergeant's tent, a boy approached and stood expectantly a short distance away.

"What is it, Dearborn?" asked the sergeant.

Roy stepped inside the tent.

"Captain" he began, "I caused that runaway Saturday. I expected to be able to dodge the blame, but I find I can't. I—I—I—."

His voice failed him, but he stood up straight, awaiting his punishment.

"Well, Cadet Dearborn" growled the captain, "you got yourself into a fine mess that time. But we won't give you a chance to do it again. You will become a private from the time you leave this tent, you will be under guard every minute you are off duty, and you will walk for an hour every day with rifle and full canteen. You may go now."

Roy, now a private, saluted, faced about, and marched away. The first sergeant looked after him with a little smile.

"That fellow's a *real* man now," he murmured.

Personality Plus!

A Melodrama (?) in Five Episodes.

By Margaret Jacoby.

"IT'S a party line. Let's listen in!"

"Oh, try and be good-natured for once in your life, Knox! You've just got to help me out! What else are cousins for, any way?"

"But Phyllis, you know I'm awfully busy,—that psychology paper takes more reference work than you seem to realize,—and I can't afford to miss the lecture Tuesday night!"

"Well, for Heaven's sake, take her with you! Didn't I tell you, mother says the girl is interested in that sort of thing?"

"Oh,—a highbrow! And you expect me to stick around all the rest of the week to fill in when she scares the other fellows off? Say, I don't mind it for *one* night—if she really has brains enough to appreciate the lecture. But to take her to the club dance, and sit out with her all evening because she "doesn't approve of wasting energy" (and can't dance anyway)—excuse me!"

"But she's *not* ——."

"Say Phyllis! Are you laboring under the delusion that you can convince me—*me*—that there's any girl—excepting yourself, of course—one must be polite!—who doesn't come either under the class of 'homely grinds' or of 'featherweights?' Because it can't be did! Now a fellow can unite brains and —."

"Off again! Well, I'll leave you to your everlasting psychology—but remember, cousin of mine—Tuesday night—*and* Wednesday, etc., for yours! *Au revoir.*"

"Say Ph——, oh, hang!"

Click!

* * *

Phyllis and Yvonne were upstairs, putting on the finishing touches, just before dinner,—and incidentally getting acquainted. "I think you're awfully nice really," laughed Phyllis,—"lots more attractive than I figured you'd be, though of course mother's description was most complimentary. But I got the idea you were rather a serious-minded individual—student of queer old 'ologies,' so to speak."

"Well, I *did* do some stunts along that line in college,—and I suppose my mother spoke of it to yours. But I've not lost *all* my sense of humor." Yvonne smiled, "I shall enjoy the lecture, I'm sure, but why don't you think I'll get on well with your cousin?"

"Oh, not your fault," assured Phyllis hastily, "only he's such a queer fellow,—a regular woman-hater, classes us all as 'grinds,' or idiots!"

"But what *is* he interested in!"

"Oh, he's a bit of an athlete—pretty good, in fact,—'specially tennis and swimming—but he's quite wrapped up in a paper he's preparing for the 'Journal of Mental Analysis'—psychology stuff—Mostly duo-personalities, whatever that may be. Are you ready?"

"What's the use I wonder, of spending six hours a week on a subject if you don't make use of your knowledge,—oh, pardon me, were you speaking?—Yes, I'm quite ready."

* * *

As Yvonne slipped off her coat and settled back in her seat, Knox, gazing down at her, again experienced a sensation of pleasurable surprise. "Charming,—so far as looks go," he thought. "What a mass of curly red-gold hair,—and those strange, long-lashed eyes—almost almond shaped,—she's positively an Egyptian type. But of

course she has no brains. It's impossible. Well, I hope she has manners enough to be quiet and let *me* listen to Prof. Belfry."

But she didn't! Her eyes glittering, her cheeks flushed, she seemed to be possessed by some imp of wild yet dainty mockery. Under the influence of her excitement, in some subtle way communicated to him, things began to assume, for Knox, the most grotesque and laughable aspects. Mrs. Belfry, over there,—a wonderful woman, he knew,—far superior to the flitter-brained girl at his side (how mistaken Phyllis had been)—yet she *did* look funny, so big and round, with that pill-box hat perched a-tilt on her head! And Prof. Belfry, on the platform,—how queerly his hair stuck out at the sides—"bats-wings," Yvonne was calling it,—what was he speaking about? "Among women have been found the vastly greater part of the recorded cases of duo-personality, wherein the victim is subject at any moment to a complete change of character, both mental and moral, the physical alone remaining the same, though often one personality is found to have more athletic and manual ability than"—oh, hadn't he read all the records himself?—and Prof. Belfry didn't seem about to trot up any specimens for exhibition,—he and Yvonne might just as well slip out and go to the movies. And they did.

The movies were shriekingly funny,—he didn't remember their ever being so amusing before. All except the last picture,—maybe that was because Yvonne was so quiet then,—and looked up at him several times in such a queer, bewildered way. The picture, (a sentimental one) was having a rather unusual effect on "unromantical" Knox, who detested girls of the "clinging" type. When Yvonne again gave him a puzzled glance, he leaned over protectingly and inquired, "What's troubling you, little girl?" He was rather taken aback when in a worried and absolutely serious tone she asked, 'Wasn't I supposed to attend a psychology lecture with you to-night?"

* * *

Yvonne was "most divinely fair" the night of the Club dance. She wore a filmy creation of orchid, with touches of red-gold to match her hair. She was quiet, with a rather remote look in her strange eyes. Knox who was quite good at that sort of thing, paid her those most effective of all compliments, the ones that have always a teasing yet tender laugh behind them. It was during the second waltz (she danced exquisitely), when Knox was rallying her on her far-off expression, and calling her "My Lady of Dreams" (and "a dream of a girl!") she gave a little shrug of impatience, and commanded him to take her "somewhere out of the crowd."

They found a deserted corner of the veranda, and Knox attempted to make himself agreeable by chatting the usual nonsense, half deferential, half daring, that he thought would appeal to her. Yvonne at first paid no attention to him,—then suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, don't let's waste time! Tell me about your work." And by a process of judicious questioning, she led Knox on to a long dissertation on metaphysics, psychology, dream-analysis, etc. She listened absorbedly. "I should so like to study all that," she murmured when he had finished. "I've often thought that perhaps there was something the matter with me mentally."

"Rather not," interrupted Knox, "why you couldn't have understood my scientific jargon if you hadn't a fairly average intelligence."

Yvonne bit her lip sharply when she heard the "fairly average," but went on as if she had not heard. "It's just that I do such weird things,—and can't always remember"—she hesitated, the far-away look in her eyes once more.

The band indoors struck up a crashing fox-trot. Yvonne, "came to" with a start. "Whatever are we sitting out here for?" she asked, "like two sticks! And all that good music!" Knox laughed, swung her to her feet, and danced her down the long veranda and into the ball-room. But he didn't dance with his customary grace,—he was too busy thinking, "I wonder if it can be possible? Such sudden changes of mood,—almost of character,— but she's so young!—yet that case in the last issue of the 'Mental Analysis—."

* * *

Yvonne, trailing her pink-tipped fingers in the cool water, was silent, and Knox, now paddling softly, now letting his canoe drift with the current, was as quiet as she. He was sure of it now,—she was one of those people possessed of a duo-personality. There could be no doubt of it. Take yesterday, for instance. They had played tennis all morning. She was quick, gay, vital to her finger-tips,—exuberant, almost wild with the pure joy of life. And she had beaten him every set they played. In the afternoon he had dropped in (he had a scientific interest in her, you understand!) and found her in the kitchen. She was sitting by the window, her strange eyes sad, dreaming, remote. She barely looked up when he came in,—went on murmuring to herself. He could just manage to catch her words, "I forget, I ever forget that I have no wings to fly, that I am bound in this spot evermore.—Thy breath comes to me whispering an impossible hope. Thy tongue is known to my heart as its very own. —I forget, I ever forget that the gates are shut everywhere in the house where I dwell alone."

Why, it was Tagore she was quoting, one of his favorite passages,—but what was she saying now? "For I would ride with you upon the wind, run on the top of the dishevelled tide, and dance upon the mountains like a flame." That wasn't Tagore. What was it? And *what* was that queer smell? "Something burning?" he had asked. She had looked at him for a moment without realizing the meaning of his words,—then had run to the oven, and snatched out a cake

that was beginning to blacken. It seems she "liked to fuss around a kitchen," and had asked her hostess if she might bake a cake for her.

Then the evening gave another proof of Knox's theory. There was wonderful moonlight, and they were in the rose garden. *Then* was the time for Tagore. But Yvonne had talked botany (and talked it well, too) until it was almost time to go in. Then she had shivered, and grown suddenly silent, hesitated, finally murmured, "Tell me, don't your think I act awfully queerly? I can't help it, something inside of me changes, and I can't always remember what I was doing before it happened. I'm so unhappy. You know such a lot about such things. Won't you advise me?" Knox had been most comforting, he realized. He had admitted noticing her moods, said he thought he "understood," said she wouldn't understand, of course, but it was a case of "duo-personality" —said not to worry, things would come out right in time.

Now, in the canoe, he was watching Yvonne's downcast face, wondering what "personality was in control," as he phrased it.

"I'm tired of sitting still!" she exclaimed, and jumped up. Of course the canoe upset. And of course she went under. She had expected to. She was a good swimmer. But she *hadn't* expected to find long weeds growing near the bottom, nor to be entangled in them. Yvonne lost her head completely. She struggled vainly to free herself. The weeds, like wan, hungry, passionate hands, clutched, clung, dragged her down. Suddenly she was roughly grasped and jerked free and upward. A moment later she was on the bank, and Knox, deadly white, was kneeling at her side.

"It's my fault! All my fault!" she heard him moan. "I might have known it wouldn't be safe—with those moods."

"Stop!" gasped Yvonne, "It was my own fault! No, listen to me! I'm all a bluff,—do you hear me?—a bluff! I haven't any personality at all, let alone a duo kind of one! I did it all to fool you,—yes at the lecture and at the dance and everywhere! They told me you despised girls, and I thought I could make you realize we're not all 'grinds' or idiots, by pretending,—oh, I'm so ashamed! How horried you must think me!"

Knox looked down at her. The duo-personality was a bluff, then? But after all, what did it matter? She was clever, and jolly, and independent,—and yet a bit dependent, too. That duo-personality would have been rather a hindrance in a fellow's work. How stunning she looked! That mass of auburn hair streaming over her shoulders, curling as it dried,—glittering in the sunlight,—and those strange Egyptain eyes! The mossy bank made a regular throne for her.

So thinking, Knox the "unromantical," Knox the "woman-hater" gazed, and announced, in a tone of awed discovery "Horrid! You horrid, Yvonne! You are a faerie princess!"

And Yvonne indulged in a tender, teasing little giggle!

A Premonition

By Lillian Pomeroy.

WITH muscles stiff and a feeling of numbness all over, I awoke from a sound sleep, sat up in bed, and gazed around the dark room. What had aroused me? Nothing was stirring except some branches of a nearby tree which cast moving shadows on the carpet. My room-mate, a middle-aged doctor, was sleeping quietly. The streets outside were unusually quiet for Paris streets. Then, feeling rather foolish, it occurred to me that I had been dreaming. After turning the flash light on my watch to discover that it was a quarter before one, I tried to go to sleep again.

But incessantly, I kept asking myself, "What was the dream about? What was it all about?" Then it came back to me dimly. "Oh, yes, something about a funeral. But," I thought consolingly just as I was falling off to sleep, "*evening* dreams always go by opposites."

I, a buyer for a New York clothing concern, had been sent to Paris, not long before this tale opens, to purchase some necessary material. The hotel at which I was staying being unusually crowded, due to the nearness of the Easter season, I was forced to share my room with the doctor aforementioned. But to get back to the story.

In the morning, I had almost forgotten my dream of the night before. The sun shone brilliantly in at the window, the wind rushed through the tree tops in playful gusts, and my business kept me so occupied during the day that I had no time to think troubling thoughts even if I would. After a pleasant chat with the doctor in the evening, I went to bed and quickly dropped off to sleep.

But the same dream which I had had the night previous came to me again. A young maid who had just entered a convent, was dead. The funeral service was being held in the chapel, where the priest intoned his words and the young sisters in the choir chanted a response. The entire audience was composed of nuns, clothed in gray with gray hoods edged with white. Every-

thing was gray, and sombre. The inside of the church was very dimly lighted by candles, the priest's robe was gray, the casket and the dead nun's shroud were of the same color. But what distressed me vaguely was to find that the face of the young girl bore a striking resemblance to that of some friend I knew but could not place. After the simple rites had been concluded, the casket was wheeled out to its last resting place. Slowly down shady, dim walks, I saw the solemn procession move. The Mother Superior walked directly after the casket, followed by the other nuns two by two. All heads were bowed as if in prayer, all hands were clasped reverently. How silently the gray-garbed sisters walked! How noiseless the whole march from the chapel to the grave! Just as the casket was being lowered into the ground, I awakened. The doctor was sitting up in bed looking at me.

"You have been talking in your sleep," he said.

"Oh, I've had a most haunting nightmare!" I exclaimed, shaking myself to make sure the whole dream wasn't true.

"French cooking probably does not agree with you," the doctor explained, "hence the nightmare. Lie on your other side and you will have no more trouble."

Uneasily, I turned over and closed my eyes, but sleep did not come soon. When it did, I again saw in the face of the young sister a resemblance to someone I knew. Once more the sombre, gray funeral procession wound through the soft, shady paths to the burial place. Try as I would, the same visions of the nun's funeral pushed unceasingly, determinedly, hauntingly into my dreams. Finally, I fell into a sounder sleep in which the face of the young sister seemed ever to float in front of me.

At daybreak I got up and dressed, feeling very tired and troubled over I knew not what. Picking up a book, I started to read but could not concentrate enough to know what I was reading. Always my thoughts turned back to the unusual dream.

When the doctor awoke, he advised me to take a walk outside to get the air. Following his advice, I picked up my hat and started downstairs. As I passed the clerk's desk, a bell-boy handed me a yellow envelope. Ripping it open hurriedly, I read:

"Wife died this evening; New York. Come.
Brother Will."

"Why," I said to the clerk dazedly, "I guess there's some mistake here. This cablegram is meant for the doctor. *My* wife's not dead."

"The doctor is unmarried, sir," replied the clerk.

I stood there looking fixedly at the message. To be sure, my brother's name was Will, but my wife couldn't possibly be dead. Then, like a flash, the dream came back to my mind. The haunting face of the nun in the dream was that of my beloved wife!

Milk Supply

By Samuel Harkavy.

The milk question in large cities is of utmost importance. It must be handled with great care and thoroughness, for more illness and disease is due to bad milk than to any other single cause.

Recently, the Board of Health passed an ordinance which prohibited the sale of loose milk, otherwise known as "dip milk." To offset the hardship of the poor people paying for the high grade bottled milk, several of the large milk dealers in the city formed two co-operations known as the "Interstate Milk and Cream Co.," and the "Seiler Bros., Inc." These two large plants practically control all the bottled milk for the stores which formerly used dip milk. These concerns disposed of so much milk that they were able to sell bottled milk cheap enough for a poor person to buy and also sanitary and pure enough for any one to use. One of these plants, the Interstate Milk & Cream Co., was visited by a group of Barringer students. When we arrived at the place we were much surprised to find such a clean and modern building used as a bottling establishment. As we entered the building, the first thing we noticed was the neat appearance and arrangement of several hundred milk cases containing twelve bottles each.

The process of bottling the milk is of the greatest importance. The milk is received from several dairies in New York and New Jersey and is brought to the plant in regular milk cans. These dairies are inspected by the State Board of Health and are on record as producing raw milk containing less than 200,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter, *i. e.* 200,000 bacteria per teaspoonful. When the milk arrives at the plant it is placed in a refrigerator and kept near the freezing point until the hour for pasteurization. It is then emptied into a large enclosed vat. Leading from this vat are many, sterilized, silver-lined, pipes going to another vat, alongside of the clarifier. Every two minutes a certain portion of milk is poured into the clarifier. This clarifier, which is operated by electricity twirls the milk around for about two minutes with a centrifugal force, making about 12,000 revolutions in that time. This great force sends all the dirt, hairs and other foreign substances to the outside of the clarifier, leaving the purified milk

in the center. It is almost unbelievable that, from 250 cans or 10,000 quarts of milk almost two pounds of foreign matter is removed. This must be removed daily. From the clarifier, pipes carry the milk to a huge tank where the milk is quickly heated to a temperature of 142 degrees. This kills all the germs which are still in the milk.

The milk is run into seven smaller oblong shaped vats, where it remains thirty minutes at a temperature of 142 degrees to 145 degrees. Thus when the last vat is being filled the first vat is emptied and at the end of every five minutes a vat is being emptied and another refilled. This heating the milk for half an hour, though killing all the most harmful bacteria of disease, does not change the taste or composition of the milk. It reduces the number of bacteria per cubic centimeter from between 150,000 to 300,000 to between 5,000 to 10,000. These 5,000 bacteria are of the harmless sort. The milk is then run off in pipes to two vats where it is cooled instantaneously from 145 degrees to 35 degrees. In the first vat it is cooled by pipes with cold running water from an artesian well. Flowing into the second vat it remains there some time to be still further cooled. From here the milk flows into a vat which has a revolving turret underneath. On this turret the empty bottles are placed, the machinery being so arranged that when a bottle is placed under a tube it is filled and capped. The caps are white and are printed in green stating the name of the firm, the grade of the milk (*i. e.* Grade B Pasteurized), and the day of week and hours between which pasteurization was accomplished. This machine has the power to fill six cases or (72 bottles) a minute. Two men stand at the machine. One places the empty bottles on the turret and the other takes the filled ones and places them into the cases. A man is paid by the company to stand and watch each bottle that is being filled. If he sees a slight speck of dirt on the bottle, he takes it off and pours out the milk and orders the bottle rewashed.

Thus the milk is not exposed to the air an instant, from the time it reaches the plant and is poured into the receiving vat until it reaches the consumer. This is a very important factor, for any germs which get into the milk, multiply rapidly. Warmth will multiply a single germ in milk to 200 in three hours; 10,000 in six hours and to 2,000,000,000 in 18 hours. Thus the cooler the milk is kept and the sooner it reaches the consumer, the better for the community. The cases of milk are packed with ice and put in the refrigeration room held at twenty-two degrees. It is kept here until the driver calls for it a few hours later.

Over ten thousand quarts are bottled each day. This is equivelent to eight hundred and fifty cases. A machine is used to wash the bottles before being filled. This machine has the power to wash nine cases of bottles (or one hundred and eight) in one minute. The bottles are scalded with hot water.

To make the plant more sanitary each man employed in the concern is dressed in white from his white rubber boots to his white cap. In front of the stores where milk is delivered, boxes are placed so as to prevent the neighboring cats from rubbing their tongues and noses over the caps and bottles of milk.

The requirements of the Board of Health are carefully lived up to, indeed more is done than is required, for the Board of Health allows 50,000 bacteria in Grade B milk while this firm keeps Grade B down to between 5,000 and 10,000 bacteria.

If the people of Newark were to visit a pasteurizing plant and see the amount of dirt taken out of the raw milk before being clarified, no arguments whatever could induce them to buy other than clarified pasteurized milk.

To Lenaine

Fairy princess of my dreams,
  Eyes of starlight, locks of gold,
On thy visage pure there gleams
  The light of love that ne'er grows cold.

My youth's ideals personified
  In thee, O goddess, queen of light!
A thousand evils I've defied
  For thee, O princess, beauteous bright.

—Jul. Clark.

THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1917.

LEGIBILITY.

Mr. Average Student, is your writing legible?

We wonder if you ever think of the poor teacher, condemned to read your hieroglyphics in those impossible themes. We wonder, Mr. ACROPOLIS Contributor, if any pity ever surges up in your manly bosom for the helpless printer who is paid to read your copy. Oh! yes—we know whereof we speak. On the whole, your penmanship is far from ideal. You are too careless about it.

In the grammar school—if you are able to recall those far-distant years—under the persistent torture of the "free-arm" movement, your youthful efforts were critically supervised. If your paper was not neat or readable you were timidly(?) invited to stay after school and make it so, always following that "one, two, three, slide on the finger tips," "one, two, three, roll on the muscle," "one, two, etc."

But with your first suit of long trousers you entered Barringer. Oh! Garden of Eden, unappreciated paradise, such neglect of organized writing lessons was balm for the tormented soul. Your emancipation, Mr. Average Student, was complete. You enjoyed undreamed-of privileges. You were permitted to use any sort of pen your vagrant fancy selected. You might now slant your pen at any angle you wished. You could cramp your fingers up and blissfully ignore your early precepts of "one, two, three, roll on the muscle." You did not have to think once of the space between the words, the avoidance of interlacing of loop-letters, the complete formation of all letters, the ban on flourishing, and regularity.

The notes you were expected to take had to be written hurriedly. The professor had no time to waste. Precise penmanship seemed impossible. As you advanced to Sophomore rank and then to Junior, there were more notes and less time. The careless manner of writing was now a habit, but you did not mind. If your father complained of the slovenliness of your chirography you soothed him with accounts of the illegible nature of the penmanship of several great authors and masters of finance. You also comforted him by showing him a sample of your

boy-friend's writing which was even worse—if that were possible.

So life went on, until one day you frowned at the unoffending test paper, just returned. Across the top this legend had been written: "Illegible—O."

Then you woke up—with a start. You had boned several hours for that test, your knowledge of the subject matter there set down warranted, at least, a passing mark—but now you were failed in French for that month. A serious reflection—that!—especially for a Senior A!

Why didn't the teacher warn you about your writing? Why didn't some one say a word? You have asked us that. We cannot help you. But you others—.

THE SPRING RECESS.

Just ten days off is the spring recess of a whole week. To many of us a whole week of freedom is unbalancing. We rush into our recreations determined to wrest from them an exciting, soul-satisfying joy, which has been denied or at least limited for a long time. Shall we accept every invitation we receive—shall we revel in a round of dancing, card playing, flivvering, novel reading? Shall we retire at two in the morning and get up too late for the sun rise? Shall we subsist on unfriendly salads, purloined from the refrigerator? Shall we relegate our school books to that *recherché* hiding place back of the piano?

No!—fellow-students. Such childish tricks are not for us—matured people that we are. We know too well the toll exacted for that week's dissipation. We are personally acquainted with the headache, the aroused restlessness, the overstimulated imagination, the inefficient student which results from such a relaxation. We know too well the latent shirker lies dormant in every one of us. It is considered good judgment to keep inflammable things away from fire.

So we have determined to spend that week to good advantage. Not that the innocent pleasures we might indulge in would be wrong. They would be poor, when we have more worth-while things accessible. We have decided to take our weakest subject in hand and plug like "sixty." Five hours a day straight, before anything else is even thought of. Is it not a wise plan? Is it not a precaution? "Yes," you grumble, "but I don't feel much like it." Remember, my friend, you will feel less like it in June.

NEW JERSEY EDITORS' LEAGUE.

The Editors' League met for their regular monthly meeting on February 10th, at Union Hill High School. Emerson High, of West Hoboken, was added to the list of members.

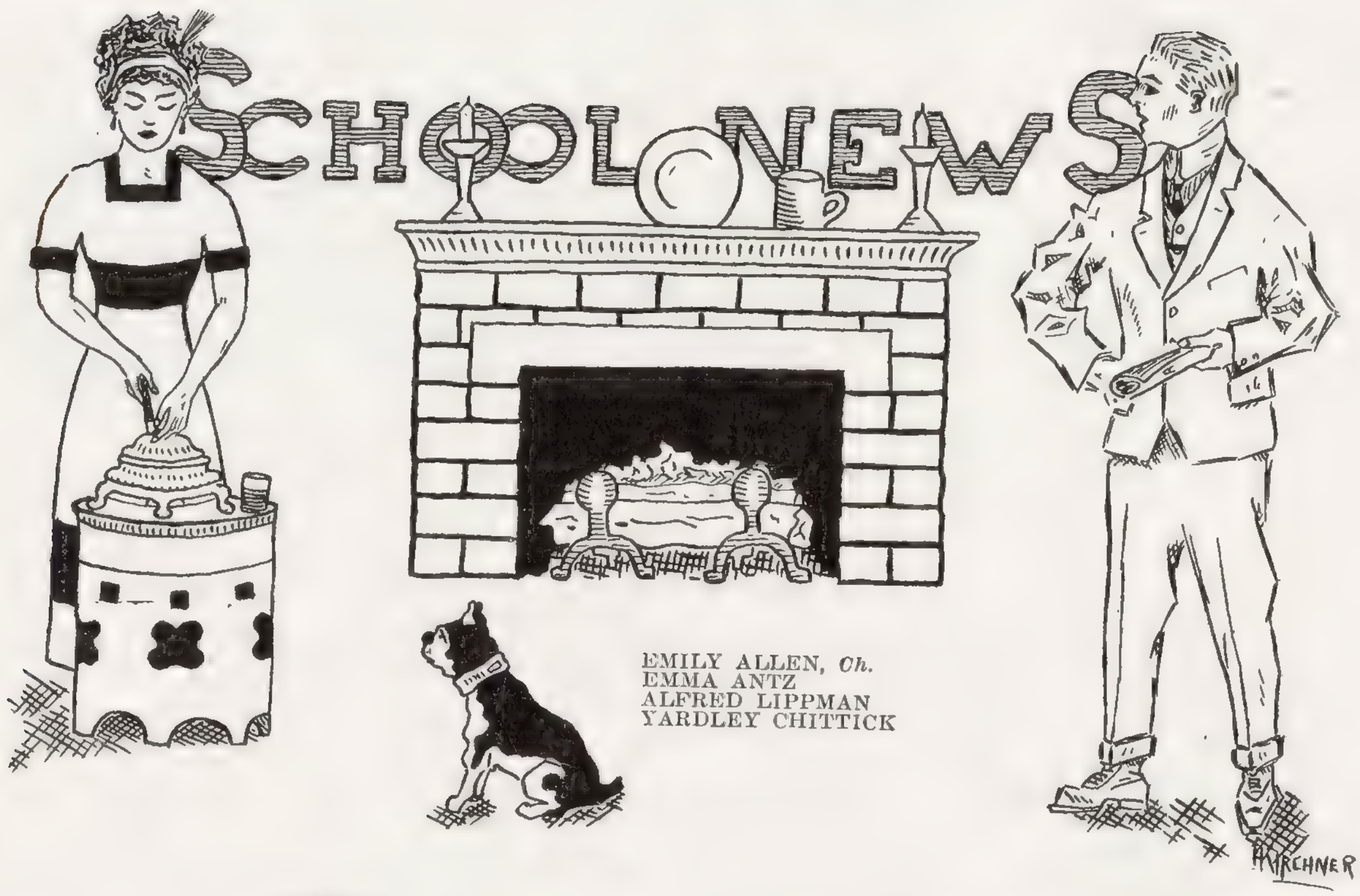
The principal business of the meeting was the discussion forming a plans to increase the membership of the league. It is the desire of the association to have every eligible high school in Northern New Jersey, enrolled in its membership.

A very interesting program was prepared by our contemporary, "The Orange and Blue." Mr. Ritter, of the New York Journal delivered an interesting talk on Punch, Advertising and Editorial." Mr. Morton, faculty adviser of "The Orange and Blue," spoke on the relationship of the high school paper to the student body. After the meeting a social hour was enjoyed by all.

HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY, 1917.

Room 25. J. Murray Duguid, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller.
Room 26. Harry Schaeffer, Marguerite Schlueter.
Room 31. Vergil Pennington.
Room 37. Charles Amsterdam, Elizabeth Berry, Anna Kabis.
Room 41. Edmund Cox.
Room 43. Paul Gleim.
Room 45. William Fleischfarb.
Room 51. Emma Antz, Walter Weinberg.
Room 55. H. Mendelsohn, Saul Zucker, Edythe Potaker.
Room 56. Gerard Riccordi.
Room 57. Sidney Ramo, Harry Liebman.
Room 59. Marguerite Rusby, Rosalind Reinhardt.
Room 60. Anna O'Mally, Charles Bischoff.
Room 63. Morris Berg, Sophie Levine.
Room 66. Elsie Steinmetz.
Room 67. Ruth Kilpatrick.
Room 69. Florence Kirkpatrick.
Room 75. Sophie Coppersmith, Mildred Schlueter.
Room 76. Estelle Kamm.
Room 81. Charles Clymer, Dorothy Gutzal, Lillian Handler, Marion Hough, Anna Lanning.
Room 85 A. M. Katherine Wicks.
Room 85 P. M. Eva Harkavy, Silvia Rosenstein.
Room 86 P. M. Anna Johnston.
Room 87 A. M. Morris Weckstein.
Room 87 P. M. Gertrude Horner, Florence Taylor.
Room 91 A. M. Anna DeHart, Frances Handler, Mary Meeker, Walter Shroeder.
Room 92 P. M. Helen Alcott, Arline Alsopp, Stanley Doremus, Margaret Inglas, Aurela Lawshe, Irma Lutz, Josephine Sofio, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Elizabeth Wehner.
Room 93 P. M. Rosa Schildkret.

Omitted from Testimonials of Last Term.
Mildred Vanderhoof, 65 4A.
Emily Berndt, 66 2A.



4 BEES.

The senior "B's" held their first meeting on Monday, Feb. 5th. Mr. Milwitzky addressed the class, and plans for the coming term were discussed. It was voted that the officers be elected by an eliminating ballot.

Raymond Terhune was chosen president; Ruth Ten Eyck, vice-president; Lucille Hammond secretary; Harold Keating, treasurer.

SCIENCE CLUB.

The first meeting of the Science club was held on February 13th, in room ninety-nine. Miss Edsall presided. Mr. Dumm gave the treasurer's report, which was accepted. It has been planned to have good speakers address the club at coming meetings.

The following officers were elected: President, John Pucillo; Vice-President, Mary Edsall; Secretary, Marco Angelillo; Program committee, Saul Zucker; Membership committee, Mortimer Salzman. Mr. Noll is faculty adviser.

Come out, all who take science, and join this club.

CIRCLE FRANÇAISE.

The regular monthly meeting of the Circle Française was held on the afternoon of February 19th, 1917, in the Science Lecture Room. The meeting was called to order at 2.45 P. M., by the president, Margaret S. Jacoby. Since it has been the custom of the club to retain the officers of the previous term provided that they are still in school, no new officials had to be elected. Mr. Milwitzky spoke very convincingly on the advisability of joining the Alliance Française, the national French organization. Then Mr. Mezger, of the French department, gave a most interesting and instructive talk on Brittany, illustrating his lecture with slides belonging to the Circle Francaise.

DISCUSSION CLUB.

The Barringer Discussion Club is a group of Barringer boys who meet at the Y. M. C. A. building on Tuesdays, at 5.30. After a supper served in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., the members have the opportunity to listen to the words of excellent speakers. During the last month they have listened to addresses by the following well-known men: August V. Hamburg, on "Picking a Future," Don S. Gates, on "High School Life," Douglas Falconer, on "Social Service as a Life Work." The Discussion Club has chosen as their leader, Palmer H. Bradner. They would welcome any Barringer boy who feels interested in their activities.

THE THALIANS.

On February 8th, the Thalians convened for their regular monthly meeting in the Science Lecture Room at 3.15. The meeting was one of great interest, owing to the fact that the speaker of the day was Mr. Odell, of the Ethical Culture Society. His subject was "Galsworthy's Mob." Mr. Odell read, with great feeling and ability, several selections, and then gave the historical background of the play. He skillfully criticized Galsworthy's conception of democracy. Following this, the speaker told of the exploits of David

Miss Clark (excitedlind's Prime Minister, after could have heard a gune principal character of the
He also emphasized the point
Miss Rusby (trann, the play was brought to a had neither escaped accordance with the rules of
gress. Then, with a few finishing
Idler—Don't nded his address. The meeting ad-
Berry—Yo 4.15.
I ever str'

A. A. MEETING.

The last regular monthly meeting of the Athletic Association was held in Room 45, on the usual day. Because there was not much business to be transacted, the meeting was short and to the point. Edgar Kilgus was elected manager of the 1917 football team. Kilgus was the assistant manager of our 1916 champions, and was capable in every respect. He has had previous experience in the managerial line, being manager of the 1916 Track Team. There was some discussion about Barringer buying the City Athletic Field, which the city has put on sale, but the price seemed to be prohibitive. However, the affair was left in the hands of a committee who were commissioned to look into the proposed project more thoroughly. There being no other business, the meeting adjourned at 3.30.

OLD FRIENDS.

Lincoln's Birthday was celebrated in the auditorium, Friday morning, February 9th. The exercises were thoroughly enjoyed because the speakers were old friends of Barringer, Comrade George W. Lawrence of Lincoln Post and Captain Weyand of Hexamer Post. The latter visited Barringer in 1915, and the recent account of his experiences on land during the Civil War, was fully as interesting as his description of the conflict between the Monitor and the Merrimac, which he gave two years ago.

We sincerely hope that our friends will not wait until another holiday to visit Barringer, but will come soon again.

B. B. B. ORGANIZE.

The second meeting of the 3B class was held in Room 69 on Monday, March 5, 1917. The constitution committee, consisting of Edgar Kilgus, Chairman, Juilet Mackin, John Foster, Murray Duguid and Dan Ecker, presented the constitution which was adopted. The election of officers took place with the following results:

President—Dan Ecker.
Vice-President—Edith Freeman.
Secretary—Katherine Douglas.
Treasurer—Thomas Savage.

The ACROPOLIS extends its heartiest congratulations to Mr. Ecker.

DEUTSCHE VEREIN.

Am 19. Februar hielt der Deutsche Verein eine Versammlung. Folgende Beamte wurden erwählt: Präsident, George Walhauser; Vize-Präsident, Fräulein Helen Clarke; Schriftführer, Irving Ams; Vertreter der ACROPOLIS. Fräulein Helene Gordon. Der Verein besuchte das deutsche Theatre in New York an einem Samstag und sah ein Bild echten deutschen Studentenlebens in Alt-Heidelberg.

3A ELECTIONS.

The 3A class met on February 16, for the first time during this term. The chief business of the meeting was the election of officers for the ensuing term. The class simply backed up their judgment of last term for, with the single exception of the office of treasurer, which was left vacant because last term's incumbent had failed to make his grade, the officers were the same as those of last term. The officers are: President, Gilbert Gregory; Vice-President, Josephine Florence; Secretary, Helen Sheehan; Treasurer, Charles Frazier. By a peculiar coincidence all the officers come from Room 26, as was the case last term. Miss Pullin will continue to act in the capacity of class advisor.

A TALK ON CIVIL SERVICE.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, February 27, Mr. Benjamin Seligman, of the Municipal Bureau of the Civil Service Commission, gave a most interesting talk on the working of the Civil Service law. It is to be regretted that few students, outside of the members of the civics classes attended.

"In former times," Mr. Seligman said, "the value of a man holding an official position depended on the number of votes he could command. This was a state of affairs entirely disagreeable to those who worked faithfully, but had no influence over the voters. A campaign for Civil Service was waged, and a rather inadequate bill was finally passed by the legislature. To-day New Jersey has what is probably the best Civil Service system in the United States. All employees of the Government must take examinations; and in the competitive classes, only the very highest are given positions. An excellent system is in use, by which all data concerning employees is registered and carefully checked."

Mr. Seligman, who, as president of the N. J. Civil Service Association, should know, assures us that the character of Civil Service employees is above that of others. Indeed, it should be. For no one can even take an examination without having certain qualifications. In almost all cases, a High School education is the first requirement. Another instance of the value of a diploma!

THE ROSTRUM.

At a short business meeting of the Rostrum on February 15, Irving Idler was elected president; Helen Gordon, vice-president; Julia Clark, secretary; Morris Jacobowitz, treasurer.

Those on the committee are: Program Committee, Irving Ams, chairman, Emma Antz, Stanley Jacobus and Mr. Haggett; Membership Committee, Thomas Urmy, chairman, Milton Finklestein, Etta Bender and Julia Clark.

TO THE GIRLS.

On Tuesday afternoons from 3.45 until 5 o'clock, the girls' gym teachers supervise classes in athletic work. The girls interested in indoor track events practice in gym to prepare for the Girls' Indoor Track Meet, which will take place in the early spring. There is something to interest all. The hop, skip and jump is an especial feature, but there are others, including the high jump, broad jump, and events on ropes, balancing beams and ladders. All girls who prefer advanced apparatus meet at 2.30 and practice until 3.45.

Friday afternoons there are classes in aesthetic and social dancing, the former includes technique and dancing, while the latter includes many of the latest steps in the waltz, fox-trot, and one-step. (Isn't that an inducement, girls?)

The classes for both afternoons are large, but there is still room for others. The gym teachers have issued invitations to all the girls in school who are interested, to register in their office for either or both of the classes; so, girls, show your Barringer spirit in this, as you've shown it in other things, and register to-day for both!

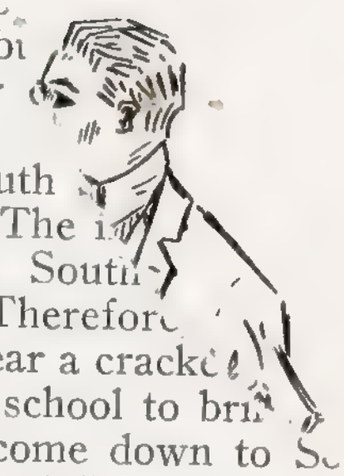
VICTORY!

On Friday evening, March 2nd, Barringer met Central in the first debate of the Rutgers League, and was awarded the victory. Both schools had large delegations present and cheering was much in evidence.

The question for debate was, Resolved: that a compulsory arbitration law should be enacted to settle all disputes on railroads and other common carriers, constitutionality conceded. Barringer upholding the negative, was represented by Morris Jacobowitz, Thomas Urmy, Milton Finkelstein and Irving Ams, alternate. Central, the affirmative was represented by Miss Pearl Bratter, Louis Goldberg, Samuel Bomse and Francis Seco, alternate.

The debate was most interesting, and every one enjoyed it even more than he had bargained for.

According to one of the judges, the affirmative neglected to prove that Compulsory Arbitration was practicable. The captain of the affirmative proved to be somewhat of a humorist which delighted every one but did not add any points to their credit. Morris Jac[o]bowitz represented Barringer in the rebu[t]tal in splendid form." In fact our [t]eam was "in the pink of condition."



On the same evening South [S]ide was victorious against East Orange. The [d]ebate was to be between Barringer and South Side, but South Side auditorium. Therefore [t]o Barringer, if you want to hear a cracker-jack debate, and if you want your school to bring home the bacon and the trophy, come down to South Side on the twenty-third, and "cheer, all cheer for Barringer."

B.B.B. ORGANIZING.

On February 15 the 3B class turned out in full strength to organize. The first thing the class naturally did was to choose a class advisor. They selected Mr. Arthur V. Taylor to fill this position of honor. We are sure that under his guidance the class meetings will at no time lack the necessary ginger which makes for the success of any organization. The next step was the selection of a committee to draw up a constitution for the class. The following were elected on this committee: John S. Foster, chairman, Edgar O. Kilgus, Miss Julia Machin, Thomas Savage and Murray Duguid. Dan Ecker was elected temporary secretary.

PATRIOTISM.

Haven't you enjoyed singing the patriotic songs as we have been doing the last month? It seems that we ought all to be familiar with these tunes. Why not get busy and learn some of them so you don't have to refer so much to the book? It would look a great deal more patriotic if every one knew these songs.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EXERCISES.

On February 21, we had a very interesting program. The school sang a few patriotic airs and then Washington's varied interests were discussed by members of the history department. The following topics were given:

I. His Interest in Business Affiairs
Charles Clymer.

II. His Interest in Education
Lillian Handler.

III. His Interest in Pleasure
Selina Morgan.

IV. His Interest in Military Affairs
Isadore Kiell.

V. His Interest in Political Parties
Helen Atz.

On March 2, at our regular music drill, two extra numbers were added to the program. Mr. Silher played a violin selection, "Meditation," from "Thais," by Massenet, and the Boys' Glee Club favored us with a chorus, "The Hunt is Up," by Van der Stricken.

Miss Clark (excitedly)—It was so quiet you could have heard a gum drop!

Miss Rusby (translating at sight)—And they had neither escaped by stealth nor fled by flight.

Idler—Don't you think Julia is very nice?
Berry—You bet! She's got the cutest mouth I ever struck.

B. H. S. "ADS."

1. Have you a little fairy in your home?
Francis Walton
2. The Campbell Kids
Pauline Angel and Kanengeiser
3. The Gold-Dust Twins
Thorne and Stauffer

The skin you love to touch Ashton Roberts
[illegible]d—he knows Mr. Snavely
[illegible]inner Lippman
[illegible]ice
CASHIM[illegible]and Walter Taylor
(Hi Shcool Sure Are No Go[illegible]or [illegible]arren

Deer Ed. of ACROP:

I rite to tell, for purpose of speaking, in place of mouth talk, how cum it I am feeling pail these day. Nogo have misfortune as per usual. He were in love, but are recover. Sum time before lunch, in the morning time of last Monday, I remember I are dew at shop No. 18 Room in cellarment of bldg. So Cash proceed thithers immediate. After a time, Cash are make chair with peace of would and very danger us nife. Soon nife are sklip. Soon finger are cut. Soon floor are all bluggy-blug with red. Cash make hollering protest against such. Several girls are in near by. I say "O-O" and scream yell, but most pretty little one come toward Cash and say "O yew pore deer." Nogo are suffuse. Red are color of face. "O yew pore deer." How sweetnes it sound, Beauterfill, beauterfill eyes, et curls of dark blonde mixture, with lips of red, O-O, while this much mushyness of Cash are proceed. Hon. Teach. say "Cash, are yew faint?" I say wee, wee I are feint." Hon. teach supply "Yew can go bak to yore room."

I depart. Eyes linkering over shoulder at Beauterfill Won, Dazily I walk up stares and around corrigor many time. Final, Hon friend Prin. Mister Stern, observe many drops bluggy-blug on floor of corrigor. He follow and see Jap shcool boy, leaning on wall, sying and dreaming of Beauterfill Won who have said "O yew pore deer." Hon. Prin. say 'Cum to myoff ice and have yore finger fixed. I folow dazily. Hon. Prin. walk fast. Soon he are weigh ahead. Near Room 45, Hon. Jap boy cease to walk. He place left hand on hip an stretch right up on wall and lean side of head (outside) on it. He dream. O Beauterfill Won. Soon fire gong ring furious. Jap boy no move. Pupes drop book & run to [illegible]school. [illegible]Tomorrow [illegible]dreamering. Just as Hon faculty are about to half apaplecksie, Hon. Prin Stern see I'm, and say "The boy are knot two blame, he are faint, he are paint 2nd floor corrgor red and bluggy-blug. I repose "Yes I are feint."

"Ty your finger up and go to yore rheum." I depart.

After lunch, Nogo feel better, and in study period, start to rite poemry

O Beauterfill Won
For thee I Pine
O Beauterfill Won
Don't make me Whine (for thee)
O Beauterfill Won
Be min Be mine.

I think this very good poemry so I think of name for it. Final I decide to call it "O Beauterfill Won." I write this at top and sine name Caschimura Nogo at bottom and put in Geom. book with Milton Longfellow Tennyson feeling.

Next morn. when cum to skool I go to room and are greet by harush noise. "Yay Cash we shust tok yore poemry down to de Spanktum, to be put in ACROP."

I are dumfinded, aghast, indight I go to Spanktum. From inside come terrible noise. I enter. Hon Ed. in Chef are in corner, hed on flore, feet on gas yet, ankimated youth sitting aside Hon Ed's truso, holler to him, "are you for Teddy Toosebelt" Hon Ed renig with earnest conviction "Know! I go for Willyum Jenny Bryum." "Awl rite, you stay their till you change your polykicks." I am surmised to see dignified personage thus appearing—I look aweigh. Immediate I see fresh yung boy swat dignified Ass. Ed. with book. Again I look aweigh. At once

41.

Teacher—(After pupil has made a brilliant (?) recitation.) What language do you call that?
Stude—Hawaiian!

SANCTUM SAYINGS.

?! Say, at sixty minutes after twelve (I won a clock!)

ECHOES OF THE "LAB."

Stude—I was nearer the right answer, when I was wrong.

ROUGH STUFF!

Taylor—Did you see the new style collars?
Pickwick—What kind?
Taylor—Why the emory collars for roughnecks!!

DISPLAY AT LUNCH ROOM.

Exchange—Three genuine potatoes for Cadillac '17 Model, or house and lot.

PHYSICS.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Kilgus—(Looking in window of curiosity shop) Would you care to go in and see some of the curiosities?

She—(Looking at Ed.) No. thanks! I've seen enough curiosities for one day!

PHYSICS—APPLIED.

Bellah—What makes a balloon go up?
Sacks—Hot air, you poor dub!
Bellah—Well, what keeps you down!

WHY THE STRETCHER BROKE.

One afternoon
Not very long ago as
I was standing in front
Of B. H. S. talking with a
Friend, I noticed a nice quiet
Little lady walking, with her back
Towards me, down the street. She
Was modestly dressed in a black
Suit with a small hat and
Black furs. I remarked to
My friend, "How sensibly that
Lady is attired! If more of our
Young people would dress in as
Respectable and becoming a
Fashion, the world would be a
Better place." As I uttered these
Wise words, the person in
Question turned abruptly and
Walked toward us. I took one
Look. It was all I desired to
Take. The small hat was held
In place by a purple
Veil, which served to make the
"Roses" on the dame's cheek
Look more like the color of
Catawba grapes. Her black furs
Were thrown negligently over her
Shoulders, and the neck of her
Blouse was most embrassingly
Low cut. A huge bouquet of
Violets pinned at her waist
Reminded me of nothing but a
Bull's eye, moreover, to judge
From the number of spotlights on
Her person, her father must have
Been a diamond manufacturer.
As I took a parting glance at this
Interesting object it deliberately
Winked at me. Then "Chief" and
Mr. Fields came out with the
Stretcher and carried me tenderly
Within the friendly walls of Barringer
Where the girls never
Dress or act so unbecomingly.

The ACROPOLIS Board takes this opportunity to congratulate Miss Hill, who after due consideration and careful discrimination in accordance with her best judgment, has selected an energetic, faithful and capable room-agent for "THE ACROPOLIS! We thank you!

Coach—What this squad needs is life!
Trash—Aw, no, thirty days is enough!

Stude—That professor has been here a long time, hasn't he?

Half—I should say. Why, when he began, he taught current events. Now he teaches Medieval History.

ANONYMOUS.

Oh, that I had thought before
When, stopping before detention's door,
I entered not but passed it by,
Went out the door from Barringer High.
For Proctor's or for Keeney's bound
All thoughts of staying in detention drowned.
The next day, happily descending
(All fear departed of danger impending,
All thoughts of gross misdeeds departed,
All mental perception completely retarded.)
The stairs leading down by the office door,
I was beckoned in by a voice twixt a hist and a roar;
My fate was decided; I knew I was done,
For detention that night was in 41.

Gaiser (in Laboratory)—Idler, what are you doing with that lens?

"Irv."—Oh! I'm trying to see a fliver on the street.

Stude (complaining)—I don't think I ought to get a zero on that example.

Teacher—neither do I, but it's the lowest I can give you.

Casler—I bet I weigh more than you do.

Kilgus—I guess you do, you're thicker than I am.

Teacher—Is the question puzzling you?
Stude—No it's the answer.

Judd (translating German)—I don't ——
Heir N.—know. Sit down.

There's a young student, Lippman by name
Who's well known for his Physics fame
Tho he puts up a bluff
His luck is quite tough
But he still has a "pull" just the same.

HEARD THE FIFTH PERIOD.

Teacher—What's the easiest way to avoid flunking the test next Monday?

Voice from the rear—Get a sick slip.

SOME AGONY.

Teacher—All those, who are not prepared, will have to take the consequences. Lippman, recite.

Lippman—I'm taking the consequences.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Uttering syllables by the peck;
But suddenly his voice grew lower,
And tho he tried with all his power,
The words came slow and oft repeated,
Until he heard: "You may be seated."

SONG OF THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

How dear to my heart
  Is the cash of subscription
When the generous subscriber
  Presents it to view;
But the one who won't pay
  I refrain from description,
For, perhaps, gentle reader,
  That one might be you.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

The chocolate in the office gave out.
The lunch period were omitted for singing.
Lippman didn't raise his hand in Physics.
Chittick never knew his lessons.
Detention were a thing of the past.

HOW ABOUT GRAVY?

Miss Thorp—Give an example of "spare" as an adjective.

Voice in the rear—Spareribs!

COLORLESS?

Miss Coult—Give an example of a colored description.

Stude—The wind blew and the storm rose.

THE CLIFTON TROLLEY.

A bang! A Smash! A sudden rack
Alas! Again we're off the track.
A jolt that jars us to the core—
Hurrah! Hurrah! We're on once more.

A few more feet with greatest care,
The motorman—he does not dare
To put on speed with might and main
Because we'll sure go off again.

And now the trolley's off, of course
The big conductor's voice is hoarse
With shouting (as we're all aware)
"Hey you! Stop ringing up the fare."

Another block, and then a roar!
And smoke arises from the floor.
Once more our journey is delayed,
While two more cars come to our aid.

So goes our journey every day.
But there is one thing, strange to say
Whate'er you gather from this rhyme,
We sometimes get to school on time.

C. A. VANDERPOOL.

ROOM 99.

Teacher—This theory of the glass prism which I have just explained is very difficult to understand. Now, how many can see through it?

HEARD IN ROOM 50.

Teacher—The mountains, streaming with foam, dashed down the hills alongside the river on its way to the ocean.

Teacher—I give these subjects only to those pupils who are capable of explaining them. Lippman, take the subject of hot air.

PERSONALS.

Louis Kuhule's favorite song:
"I love to have the girls around me."

Chittick to Mr. Fields—I won't be able to be out for track practice to-day.

Mr. Fields—Why not, what's the matter?

Yardley—Er-a-I've got a stiff collar,—I mean neck.

Central certainly did fall for *de-bait* of Barringer.

CIVICS.

Teacher—Should society be protected from the criminal?

Gibbons—No! Now we should protect the criminal from society!

Teacher—(Assigning readings on Prison Reform). If you have friends or relatives connected with these institutions, so much the better!

TO-DAY'S INSPIRATION.

It Couldn't Be Done.

Somebody said it couldn't be done;
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he went at the thing
That couldn't be done and he did it.

Somebody scoffed "Oh, you'll never do that,
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and took off his hat
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quibbling,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to prophesy failure.
Ther are thousands to prophesy failure.
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one

The dangers that wait to assail you.
But buckle right in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done and you'll do it.

CLIPPED.

Ruth Ten Eyck—What noise was that I heard last night in your room?

Lansing—Oh, I guess that was just me falling asleep.

English Teacher—Now give me the principal parts of *eat*.

Kaiser—Food, chewing, swallowing, and digestion.

A PUPIL'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

(With apologies to "X")

I go to High School all the day,
And wend a student's lonely way,
And when the sun is shining bright,
Detention claims me every night.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When others seek amusements new,
That I should be in such a plight
And have to study half the night?

When in a Latin room I sit,
And I am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes,
To go sailing through the skies,
To go sailing far away,
Into that pleasant School of Play,
Where all the clever people are,
With no home-work my mind to jar,
Where rules the master on his throne,
Where pupils' rights are really known,
Where if my test will not quite do
I have a friend to help me through
To that building I can go.
I can wander to and fro,
I can come when it seems fit,
I can go when tired of it,
And the teachers passing by
For such things have never an eye.

IN HISTORY.

Mr. G.—What happened to Lee and Jackson then?

Miss T. (just awakening from a blissful day-dream)—I don't know, I haven't heard from them lately.

A CASE OF MUTUAL APPLICATION.

Mr. Wood, a man very fond of playing jokes, met his friend, Mr. Stone, and at once inquired jocosely:

"Hello, Stone, how are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Fine," replied Mr. Stone, "all well, thank you," and then, with a twinkle in his eye:

"How are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

Ex.

RECIPE FOR GLOOM.

2 Lunch Room, ham sandwiches.
Gym., when you have a "date."
Request for more grinds.
Necessity of eating at school every day.
War news.
"Teddy."
"Bill" Bryan.
If this doesn't produce a gloom, you are bomb-proof.

Grace—Dick goes to church every Sunday.
Ruth—Who told you that?
Grace—He did.
Ruth—I thought so.

Mr. Jayson (during discussion about the human eye)—The aqueous humor is a very glassy humor—.

Voice in rear—Yes, it is the kind you can see through.

Kilgus—Say, Julia, did you knit this sweater?
Ruth Cairns—She did (k)nit.

Chief (calling roll)—Next man! what's his name?

Next Man—Here!

Tendler—Sh! my foot's asleep!

Schlosser—How long is a piece of string?

Jacobus—Twice the distance from the center to one end.

CIVICS.

Professor—What is the electoral college?

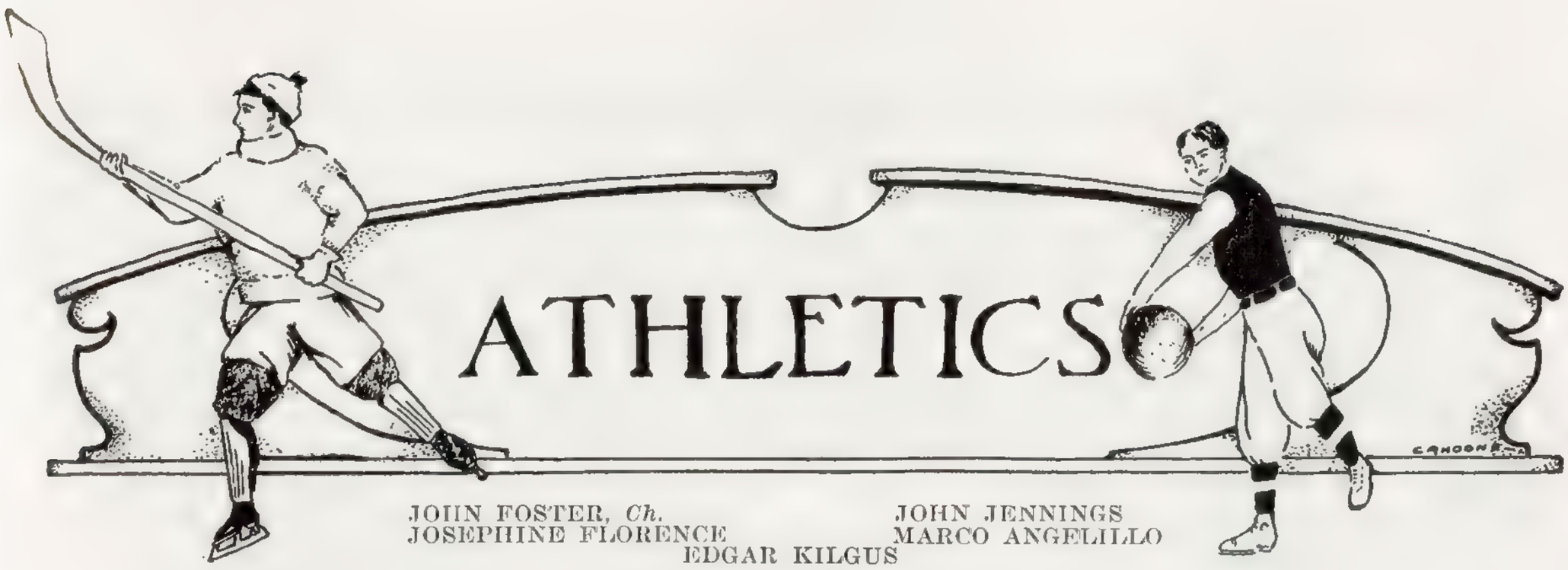
Stude—A place where young fellows go to learn how to vote.

Stauffer—I have a "King" for a subject this term.

Antz
Cairns
Ricketts
B**O**yce
Pomeroy
Jac**O**bus
F**L**orence
Idler
Sachs

Bellah
Jac**O**by
Allen
Cla**R**k
War**D**

(*Continued on page 29.*)



BASEBALL PROSPECTUS.

At present the dopesters have mapped out a successful season for our baseball team. According to their method of figuring we shall clean up in two leagues, possibly they are not so far wrong, as our outlook is exceedingly rosy.

We shall not lack battery material as we have Captain Pucillo, who is considered one of the best pill shooters in this section, then there is Gil Gregory who will undoubtedly have some more "hop" on his fast ball. Howard Maze, who played first last year, is the find of the season. Howard is rapidly developing into a good left handed pitcher. Young Turner is also about due to make his debut. There is no doubt at all that he will prove one of our most reliable men.

Pavese and Crooks, both veterans of last year, will have no trouble in taking care of the backstop job.

Kid Foster will be back to stab the ball around the initial sack. Great things are expected of the youngster this year. The only other infield position that is held down by a veteran is second, Dougie Browning is probably the man who will cover that bag. The pride of Barringer, however is in its outfield. Where can any one find a combination like, Rizzola, Pool and Chittick. Dutchmen, everyone of them and they can't be beat.

Then their is a wealth of material, players who held down regular positions on the Barringer reserve team last year. Micone is expected to round out into a classy short stop and there are many others who are out for a berth on the team, but don't be discouraged, come out and try; you may be better than you think.

BARRINGER SWIMMERS LOSE.

Our swimmers were easy pickings for the fast Montclair Academy swimming team. The meet which was held at the Montclair Academy was a walk-over for the mountain town swimmers who won by a score of 38-15. Credit should be given to Carl Dutjen who was the star of the meet, winning the 100-yard, tying for first place in the 50-yard, with Gil Gregory, and swimming the last leg of the relay for Montclair. Our plungers were hopelessly outclassed and the academy had no trouble in annexing all three places in that event. Burt Barling showed fine form for Barringer in the dive. Ed Barney who was not up to form with his diving, was a disappointment to every one, as he was expected to take first place in the dive for form.

The summaries:

Relay—Won by Montclair (Alfred Matheiason, Eugene Baer, Donald Dickson, Carl Deetjen); Barringer (Gilbert Gregory, Sanford Gregory, Burtram Barling, Edward Banney).

100-yard—Won by Carl Deetjen, Montclair; second, Eugene Baer, Montclair; third, Dan Ecker, Barringer. Time, 1m. 6s.

50-yard—Tie for first place between G. Gregory, of Barringer, and Carl Deetjen, of Montclair; third, Donald Dickson, Montclair. Time, 28 4-5s.

25-yard—Tie for first between Barling, Barringer, and Alfred Matheiasen, Montclair; third, Aaron Van Poznak, Barringer. Time, 13s.

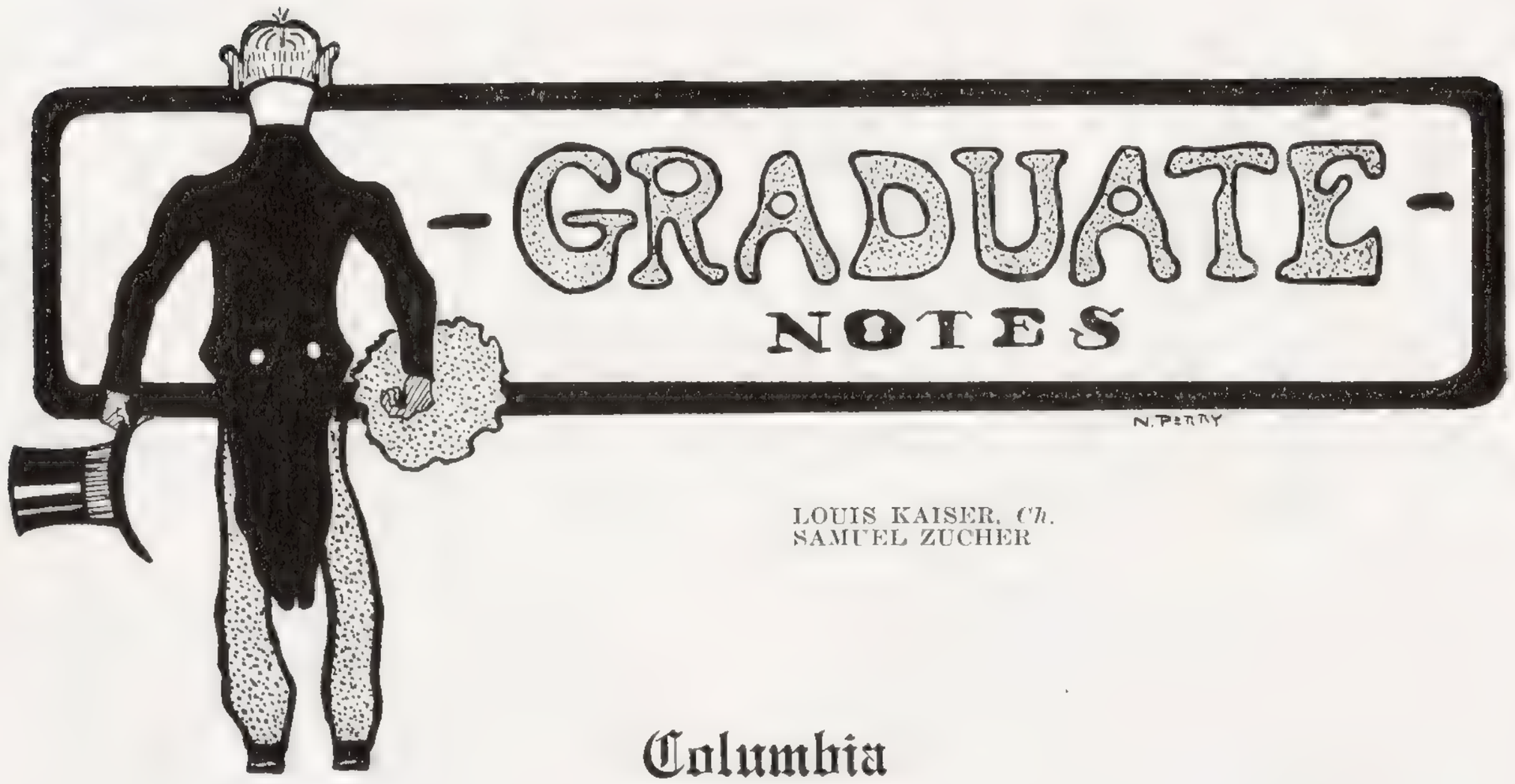
Plunge—Won by Fred Fully, Montclair; second, Kenneth Unger, Montclair; third, John Hopkinson, Montclair. Time, 8m. 1s.

Dive for Form—Won by Burtram Barling, Barringer; second, Carlos Cruz, Montclair; third, Joseph Van Vleck, Montclair.

REVENGE!

On the return match, we defeated Rahway two (2) games to one (1) at the Roseville Alleys, in what proved to be the most interesting games yet played by our boys. Rahway won the first game by good bowling, beating our men to a proverbial standstill, but we came back with renewed vigor and better bowling, winning the second and third games by comfortable margins. All our men bowled well, Pavese having the highest grand total, and Mutchler the highest score, bowling up 205, while Jones and Mosson featured for Rahway.

(*Continued on page 29.*)



LOUIS KAISER, *Ch.*
SAMUEL ZUCHER

Columbia

I am indeed sorry that the Graduate Editor of the ACROPOLIS has designated me to tell you of the traditions and life of Columbia; for, to do the task justice, it is stupendous. Not until I attempted to crystallize my disconnected sentiments in this article did I realize that I might be unequal to it. One must actually have experienced these years at college in order to grasp their meaning; it loses much in the telling, yet I hope to give you a presentment of the years full of enlightenment, which the future may hold in store for you.

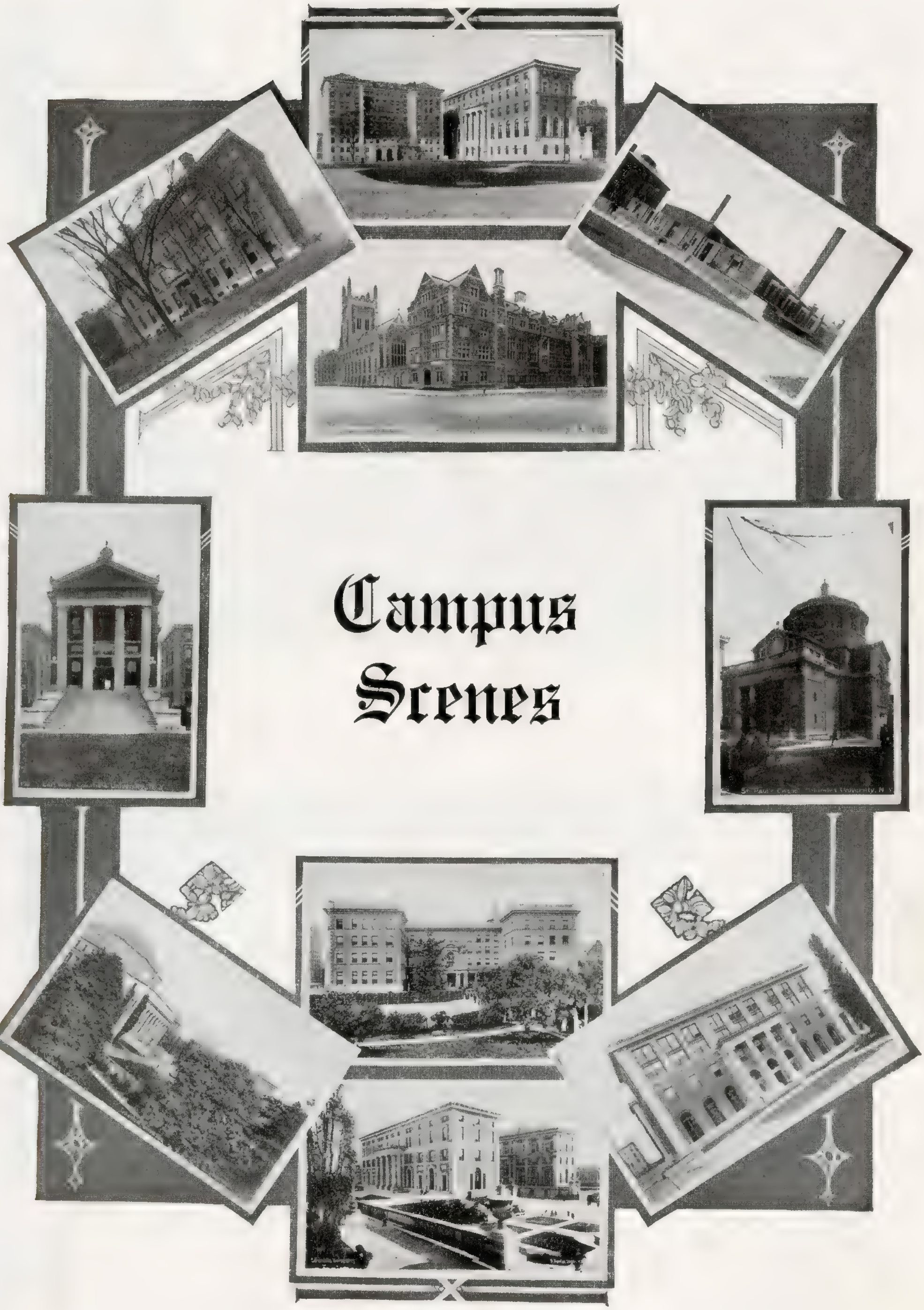
Columbia ranks foremost among American universities in its effect upon the intellectual and national life of the country. Largest in number of students, richest in its endowment, it is well equipped to lead in the service of the nation. Only recently, in conjunction with the Rockefeller Foundation, a branch of Columbia University, has taken the first steps in an educational experiment which may revolutionize our elementary school system. Its scope is gradually being extended to every field of knowledge and it may be justly termed the greatest dispenser of wisdom. And now, in the face of a grave international crisis, President Butler and the Faculty of the University have taken steps to organize its vast resources for the national need. Our *Alma Mater* is truly animated with the spirit of progress and public welfare.

Columbia College alone of all the schools of the University retains the vestiges of "college life." It is here that the immortal distinctions of freshman and sophomore hold sway, with the class rivalry finding expression in the annual rushes. The sophomores enforce the rules with all the vigor of tyrants and woe to the offending freshman who falls into the hands of the Black Avengers! A skull cap and grey or black necktie and socks constitute the humiliating marks of the first-year men.

After the first week of college, during which the tug-of war, the tie-rush and the flag-rush are contested, there is a lull in the inter-class activities though at no time are the freshmen rules slackened. Acute rivalry shows itself again at the time of the cane-sprees and class banquets with their wholesale kidnapping. Whatever may be said against these activities, they undoubtedly help the freshman to become acclimated to his new environment, so different from that which he has just left.

It is well for a freshman to start his college career with a correct valuation of all the college has to offer so that he may spend his time to the best advantage. It is a much mooted question just how much time he should spend on extra-curricular activities. It is generally acknowledged, though not always practiced, that the course of studies should be uppermost in our minds. But beyond this it is strongly urged that the student interest himself, in his spare time, of which he will have enough, in campus affairs. These activities, writing, debating, speaking, governing, managing as well as participating in athletics, reflect in a miniature way the world after graduation. And the more practice the student has had in these, the better fitted is he to take up duties in life. As in the courses of study, these activities are varied enough for each student to find something of interest and a little sacrifice of leisure will be well repaid by the experience gained.

Athletics at Columbia are slowly coming to a point far in advance of most colleges. Participation for the greatest number is coming into vogue. When football was restored in 1916, after a lapse of ten years, the first plan was to have a



Campus Scenes

series of inter-class games. We now have a varsity football team, but retain the inter-class teams as well. The classes and the fraternities compete in almost every sport and the number of contestants represents a good portion of the student-body.

The fraternities form an important phase in the social life at Columbia, more so than at any other institution. As a majority of the students live at home, most of them would see little of Columbia outside the class-rooms, were it not for the fraternities. Thus Columbia depends largely upon them to foster the spirit of the college and to spread it among the students.

Graduates of Barringer have, here as at other colleges, attained to high honors in studies, athletics and non-athletics. We trust that those who follow in our footsteps will be numerous and industrious. Even though now removed several years from my high-school days, the pleasure of revisiting their scenes is second only to that of the days spent at Columbia.

HARRY STEINER,
Barringer '14.
Columbia '18.

ATHLETIC FIELD

FRESH AND SOPH SCRAP

EXCHANGE

RUTH CAIRNS, *Ch.*
HELEN CLARKE
MARIAN AMANN

The ACROPOLIS wishes to express its thanks for the following exchanges, which have come during the past month:

Archon, Argo, Aster, Apokeepsian, Brown Daily Herald, Bulkley News, Budget, Bulletin, Boys' Lantern, College News, Cornell Era, Cartaret Clarion, Daleville Leader, Forum, Howard Times, Helioo, High School Journal, Kernel, Lawrence, Massachusetts Collegian, Mirror (Moravian Seminary), *Mirror* (Paterson), *Optimist, Omnibus, Onward, Polytechnic, Princeton Pictorial, Review, Rutherfordian, Ramble, Red and Black, Spectator, Spectator* (Paterson), *Shuttle, Syracuse Daily Orange, Student Lantern, Sphinx, Town and Gown, Tech Monthly, Tuskegee Student, Torch, Varsity, Vincentian, Williams Record, Wesleyan Argus, Wellesley Literary Monthly.*

Here is one of our best exchanges this month. Every department is complete and interesting. A good Exchange Department is unusual, but we find yours dandy. We thank you for your criticism of the ACROPOLIS. Your business manager deserves credit for such a great showing of advertisements. Although you Literary Department contains but one story, that one fills enough space, alright. By the way, don't you think "The Passing of Casey" sounds like a movie scenario?

RED AND BLACK,
BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL,
READING, PA.

Your cover is very neat. Your Literary Department is long but interesting. The Editorials are well written. The Exchanges could be lengthened. What about a Joke Department. Come again, *Vincentian.*

THE VINCENTIAN,
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,
NEWARK, N. J.

Well, *Breeze,* we were just a little disappointed in you this month. "Doomed" is a pretty good story but it is only an apology for a Literary Department. What is the matter with your cuts this month. Exchanges are well written up, *Breeze,* but why not separate each write-up; make them stand out and look interesting. We hope to see improvement next month, *Breeze.*

THE BREEZE,
BLAIRSTOWN, N. J.

We are glad to see such a good paper this month, *Helios.* Your Literary Department is both long and very good this issue. "Bob and Bobs" is especially interesting. How about your Exchanges. Why not give them more space and a fuller write-up. The department headed "Grinds" might be improved.

THE HELIOS,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

BULKLEY NEWS,
BULKLEY SCHOOL,
NEW LONDON, CONN.

Your paper is very good as a whole. Your Personal Department is especially good. Exchanges need more room. We find that you have criticised no papers. What is the matter, exchange editor? Your paper lacks a table of contents. The picture of Football Team, certainly adds interest to the magazine.

THE KERNEL,
BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

The cover of your junior Number makes a good impression by its cute cover. It is an unusually large issue and the quality of paper is exceptionally fine. Your Literary department is long, but you lack a story of any size. Your Athletic Department is long, too, but we could read it better if headlines were used. Where is your Alumni section?

TOWN AND GOWN,
MACKENZIE SCHOOL,
MONROE, N. Y.

Your material is well arranged. Your athletic notes contain lots of spice, being the strong point of your paper. The Aesthetic Romance, was read with much pleasure. Why not have a few more stories? Your Personal Department is is short. Why not enlarge it?

THE CURTIS MONTHLY,
CURTIS HIGH SCHOOL,
NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.

We like your paper because it has lots of pep. The departments are well written, though a Personal Department is lacking. "Houndread House," is good because of its liveliness. The cuts are clever and original. Come again.

TECH MONTHLY,
TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL,
SCRANTON, PA.

You have a fine paper this month. It is up to the minute. "Making the Pictures," is very interesting. You have something seldom seen —a good Exchange Column. Where is your table of contents? Welcome.

THE REVIEW,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

You have a dandy literary department this month, *Review*, in fact, it is so good that it pales your other departments into insignificance. "A Premature Settlement" is very interesting. Your Exchange Department is a little better than the ordinary. Why not give the jokes a page of their own instead of scattering them through the advertisements? It would look better.

THE LAL BAGH CHRONICLE,
ISABELLA THOBURN COLLEGE,
AND NORMAL SCHOOL,
LUCKNOW, INDIA.

We were more than glad to receive your paper, from such a distance. It surely is a dandy. Every article is very interesting. We are very glad to receive some suggestions on the education of the girls in India. We congratulate you on editing such a fine paper, as this is. We want to hear from you again.

THE ARGO,
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

You are rather lame this month, *Argo*, your paper seems to lack pep. Your Literary Department is made conspicuous by its absence. Your editorials are exceedingly "short and sweet." Athletics is pretty good. Exchanges deserve mention. Why don't you add a few cuts and a page or so of jokes?

THE MIRROR,
MORAVIAN SEM.,
BETHLEHEM, PA.

The February issue of the *Mirror* is a dandy little paper. You have a lot of advertisements for the size of your paper. Would it not be possible to put a cut at the head of each department, and begin them at the tops of pages? We thank you for your write-up on the ACROPOLIS. All your departments are pretty short, though interesting. Come again, *Mirror*.

BUDGET,
ELIZABETH, N. J.

Congratulations, *Budget*, you surely have a fine little paper this month. Your Literary Department is so good that we can forgive the placing of the Editorials before "Lit." Why not comment more fully on your Exchanges. Jokes scattered among the advertisements shows poor taste.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

But best of all that we received is THE ACROPOLIS.—*The Mirror,* Moravian Seminary.

We are glad to hear from THE ACROPOLIS, a paper that is worth reading. Each department is very good. Good Exchange Departments are hard to find, but yours is surely the exception. Your write-up concerning Wesleyan is also very good.—*The Conwayan,* Conway Hall.

Your excellent paper is an inspiration from cover to cover. The exchanges, too, are treated in an interesting manner.—*The Archon,* Dummer Academy.

Your January number is fine. An excellent literary department adds to the excellence of your paper. Your personals are certainly interesting. We have answered your comments with a personal letter to your Editor-in-Chief.—*Shuttle,* Boston, Mass.

REVENGE.

(*Continued from page 23.*)

The scores:

Barringer H. S.			
Wood	144	155	168
Eckel	127	137	...
Jackly	...	...	159
Pavese	133	191	145
Miller	120	175	189
Mutchler	115	205	127
Totals	639	860	788
Rahway H. S.			
Jones	214	137	138
Mossman	145	157	136
Cook	166	...	...
Mantlo	...	176	132
Wooster	142	128	160
Ludlow	128	168	148
Totals	795	766	728

RAHWAY BOWLERS DEFEAT OUR MEN.

We were defeated by Rahway's bowlers, at Rahway. Our men, although beaten made a game stand, well up to the "good old Barringer spirit." The Rahway boys rolled remarkably well for schoolboys, while our boys could not get used to the alleys.

The first game was a "hummer" in the full sense of the word. Jones, of Rahway, started out with the high score of the game, bowling 205. Can you imagine it? This took some of the pep out of our boys, but they came back strong, and for a time it looked as if we had them. But Jones, the wizard, stepped in with another 201 which put us on the toboggan. The other two games which Rahway also won were equally interesting, both sides showing some good bowling. But we could not beat them. It was not to be. We'll have their scalp yet, however. Watch the return game.

The scores:

Rahway H. S.			
Jones	205	167	201
Mossmann	153	126	108
Serg	164	141	134
Ludlow	153	132	167
Wooster	131	138	161
Totals	806	704	767
Barringer H. S.			
Wood	178	173	111
Jackley	142	...	...
Eckel	...	84	139
Miller	144	125	113
Mutchler	159	131	114
Totals	779	666	600

THE HOCKEY TEAMS DISBAND.

Unfortunately our hockey team was forced to disband, due to the fact that several of the players were failing to comply with the N. H. S. A. A. eligiblity rule.

This was indeed a misfortune as Manager Kaiser had booked several games.

PERSONALS.

(*Continued from page 22.*)

In room 90 'way up stairs side
They had a talk about upside down side.
Now none of them knows if he's walking right side,
Or if he's other side upside downside.

Noble—We had a sub. for English to-day.
Ecker—What was it, German?

AN APOLOGY.

Kid Himber—Oh, well, I don't care if I'm not handsome. Beauty is only skin deep!

History Prof.—Why was the period from 800 to about 1200 called the "Dark Ages?"

Stude—I guess it was because there were so many knights.

There is a young fellow named Danny,
He seems to have every one's nanny.
He went out for a lark,
With young Julia Clark,
And that was the end of poor Danny.

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